

When Liberty Was Born

A Romance of Love and of Our Country's Fight for Freedom

By Albert Payson Terhune

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Roger, a young man, who comes to Boston early in the morning, is met by a woman, who is a friend of his. She is a woman of the name of "Liberty" and she is a woman of the name of "Liberty".

CHAPTER III.

I Change My Mind.

O my surprise, almost to my disappointment, I found that the less will thieves be likely to risk it. But, for that matter, there is no shame to yourself, my friend?"

"For accepting a service from you?" I suggested, glancing down at my neatly bandaged forearm. "And then leaving you for a coward? It may be said I spoke in haste."

"Not for that," he corrected me. "That is forgotten already. It was but the thoughtless churlishness of youth."

"For what, then?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"You are an American," he answered, after a moment's pause. "A New Englander of the old stock. Massachusetts bred. Yet I heard you boast loudly to Gen. Howe a few minutes ago that you are a stanch King's man. Is that no cause for shame?"

"For shame?" I retorted hotly. "No. For pride. Are we not all subjects of King George? Is loyalty no longer a virtue?"

"Loyalty is no longer a virtue," he answered, "when its object is no longer worthy of loyalty. We Colonists settled this land as free men. We came here to be free. We came here to be free."

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Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



the collar swung open, revealing a faint glow of light beyond. He sat down and the light shone brightly behind him.

I ran down the remaining steps, turned a sharp corner and found myself in a vast, low-ceilinged hall. The floor was polished and the walls were covered with a dark, patterned carpet.

The audience stood quiet and deep-ly attentive, listening to a man who from the data, read in low, mechanical tones from a long sheet of paper.

So dim was the light at the far end of the hall that I stood, but I could not recognize nor be recognized by those who stood nearest me.

He was half disappointed at the tameness of it all. Then I recalled the scene at the doorway above; and I listened to the slow, droning voice of the reader.

From the first words I caught my sense of disappointment became deepened to utter chagrin.

What was there ever such anticlimax? I had come expecting some blood-curdling revelation. Here was what I actually heard:

"Rev. 35,000 pounds. Salt fish, 17,000 pounds. Beef and other cattle on the hoof—"

I growled my disgust. Was this a Box of Trade Conference? At the next syllable my interest quickened:

"Guano, 17,441 pounds. Bullets, 25,195 pounds. Flints, 144,686. Bayonets, 10,195. Field pieces, 12. Firearms, 2,132."

Rice and gunpowder! Beef and bayonets! What did it mean?

He sat down. Source had he done so when a short, slender man in a brown bowtie and snuff-colored suit, sprang to the platform.

"Is doubtless most interesting!" he cried. "But it merely proves one thing; namely, that we are ready for war and that every added day of waiting means a day of weakness. The land is ready. The eyes of twelve suffering Colonies are turned upon Massachusetts."

When Boston strikes the first blow, then will the country rise as one man and cast off the galling British yoke. But as the days drag by and Boston hesitates, submitting ever to worse and worse oppressions, the country grows to doubt our courage and to weary of waiting for us to act.

He sat down. A low rumble of mingled applause and disapproval swept the tense mass of listeners. Another man, broad-shouldered and plump of face, mounted the platform. It was Paul Revere.

"To fire a gun before it is loaded," began he, in homely, drawing dialect, "is a bad habit. Each day that we wait makes us stronger. Our committee's report proves that. At this rate, in another year we shall have laid in enough weapons and food to warrant us in crying 'To arms!'"

But to throw down the gauntlet now, to start a fight, would be to start a conflict where our chief enemies would be starvation, scanty clothing and insufficient arms. What hope could such equipment have against the strength of England?"

He paused; then continued: "Our stores are piling up at Concord. In every village within twenty

miles of Boston, the Minute Men are secretly drilling. Daily their ranks are swelling. Daily the food supply grows larger. All are ready to fight the moment the word goes forth. But why shed the blood of brave men in vain when by waiting long enough, their numbers and strength will be sufficient for the strife? Even now we are so far committed that if the British learn of our plans we shall be forced to fight. We cannot turn back. Why press the issue when delay means gain?"

He left the platform. And again that mingled murmur arose. It changed to eager interest as a tall, handsome young man sprang to the platform.

There, in the broad hallway, guests were tripping and fro in a bewildering kaleidoscope of colors. Men in white satin, in peach-bloss pink or in the garish dress uniforms of the British Army; women in broadened and many-furrowed gowns of every hue; liveried servants—all seemed to circle about me in amazing fashion.

I, in my sober suit of dark blue with its brass buttons, looked like a jack-daw among peacocks. My loose yellow hair, too, felt oddly unkempt alongside the snowy periwigs that bobbed all around me.

As my eyes accustomed themselves to the gay scene I singled out a servant and beckoned him to me. "Where is Gen. Gage?" I demanded.

"I have urgent business with him," he replied in lofty reproof at my haste. "And after that he will be in the supper room. He cannot be disturbed."

"But my business is of deepest import," I protested. "It will not brook delay."

"Then tell it to the officer of the day," he insolently suggested the fellow. "He is in the library, drinking punch. He pointed carelessly to a room further down the hall."

"The officer of the day?" I repeated. "Perhaps it will be as well. At first I thought I should tell him my message, and after that he will be in the supper room. He cannot be disturbed."

"The officer of the day is Major Pitcairn," was the reply. "I demanded that he should tell me to intrude at his excellency's door. He refused. He pointed carelessly to a room further down the hall."

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NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

The White Alley

By Carolyn Wells

with me?" I asked crossly. "To learn your news," she replied. "Don't you see? If you give me your message I can take it in person to Gen. Gage and tell it in such fashion that he must believe."

Beginning with the mirror's sun-faded eye, she drew back and told me my whole narrative of the day's events; briefly, yet in full.

She listened with burning cheeks and flaming eyes. Never had I seen a woman so stirred. Never had I seen one so beautiful.

Yet, until I was done, she spoke no word but seemed to drink in every syllable. Then:

"You did well to tell this to me, instead of to some official," said she. "It is all so impossible—so strange—that none would have credited you."

"I claim one reward for my services," I said awkwardly.

A glint of contempt shot into her brown eyes. She drew back and gave me as much credit. But if you crawl here to harter men's lives and hopes for money—why, then, I have wronged myself by speaking so long as to a creature. What may be your price, Master Informer? Thirty pieces of silver?"

"I felt myself go white to the very lips. It was by no means the least fierce battle of my long career that I just then waged with my temper. Yet by mighty effort I forced myself to say quietly:

"It is not yourself you wrong, Mistress Winthrop, but me."

"In it possible," she sneered, "to be a man who betrays human beings for money? Perchance, though, I was amiss in naming thirty pieces of silver as the price? A larger sum, I doubt not."

"The reward I claim," I interrupted, still keeping fierce grip on my madly struggling resentment, "is not in money."

"You ask office? I fear that my influence is scarce."

"I ask," I flashed, "in full reward for my information, that Paul Revere's name be not mentioned by you in your report to Gen. Gage."

She took a step forward and glanced up at me, startled, incredulous. "I do not understand," she faltered.

"I scarce expected that you could," I retorted bitterly. "Our lines of life are far apart, yours and mine. You cannot understand. It seems, how a man may be loyal to his king and yet wish to save a friend from harm."

"Reward and blood money! Doubtless the same thing to you!" she cried, but there were tears in her stony voice. "You have no right to say such things."

"I crave pardon," returned I; "but what a mere yoke and sunstruck idiot may say can scarce matter to you. Let me, then, explain briefly my reason for leaving you to carry the warning to his excellency:

"Paul Revere is a friend. He is my employer. He is a good and gallant man. He has been drawn into this treason plot because he falsely believes the rebels are in the right. I would cut off my hand sooner than that he should be implicated in a real. Therefore, I entreat you to make no mention of his name in your report to Gen. Gage. Do you give me your word?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried brokenly. "and, sir, I will."

"There is no more to say," I broke in. He bowed awkwardly, turned on his heel and hurriedly quitted the room, leaving her staring after me with a look such as never before had I seen in her eyes.

I reached the great front door I glanced back once more at the bright scene behind me. For the remotest part of a second, I saw, through a doorway, a group of men, two figures in earnest consultation at the far end of the long hall.

One of the two I recognized as General Thomas Clark, acting commander-in-chief of King George's army in Massachusetts.

He was leaning forward, listening with eagerness to something a little from my hand, I thought, and stood in the half-lighted space, facing me.

It was Marjory Winthrop! From head to heels she was covered in a dark, hooded cloak, under whose sombre folds peeped forth the lace and silk of a white ball dress. In her hand she carried a lantern. She had been running fast. For she was breathing in labored gasps.

"Mistress Winthrop!" I exclaimed, "Where is Master Revere?" she demanded. "Has he set out?"

"Yes, some two hours ago," I replied in wonder. "He has set out. He is safe beyond pursuit by this time."

"Beyond pursuit?" she repeated, puzzled. "Then he is safe?"

"I could care no longer. Not a minute sooner! I slipped away from the Copley ball the instant I heard. And he is already gone!"

"Two hours back?" she was murmuring. "I cannot! I am not strong enough. I know not where any of the others live! And whom can I trust?"

"I do not understand," I broke in on her half-fearful despair. "But I take it you are in need of some sort of aid. If I can serve you, I will."

"You?" she cried, her big eyes dilating. "Then, with a new light in her excited face, she added, more to herself than to me:

"Why not? Any means is justifiable. And if I fail, all fails. You are strong. You are brave. You are a woman. I am at your command. I broke in, for it pained me to note the frightened dilating of her face.

"I suppose I am a fool. For a frightened child or woman has ever seemed to me the most pitiful sight on earth. And better than I would sacrifice much to serve a woman. I—"

"Listen!" she said suddenly. "You are a loyal man. You are devoted to the cause! Then you can do your part. You can serve the great service this night. There is none other who can do it."

"I have twice told you I am at your command," said I. "What do you require of me?"

"That you climb with me to the belfry of the North Church," was her amazingly unexpected reply. (To Be Continued.)

When a Man Can't Disappear, and Yet—Disappears!

That Is One of the Mysteries In

"THE WHITE ALLEY"

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE EVENING WORLD'S COMPLETE NOVEL FOR NEXT WEEK

It Is the Strangest and Most Interesting Detective Story of the Year